And all this Princely presence shall confesse,
He is no other but King *Richards* sonne.
Then gratious Lords, rest he King *Richards* sonne,
And let me rest safe in my fathers right,
That am his rightfull sonne and onely heire.
Ioh. Is this thy proofe, and all thou hast to say?
Rob. I haue no more, nor neede I greater proofe.
Ioh. First, where thou saidst in absence of thy Sire
My brother often lodged in his house:
And what of that? base groome to slander him,
That honoured his Embassador so much,
In absence of the man to cheere the wife?
This will not hold, proceed vnto the next.
Q. Elin. Thou saist she teem'd six weeks before her time,
Why good Sir Squire, are you so cunning growen,
To make account of womens reckonings?
Spit in your hand, and to your other proofes:
Many mischances happen in such affaires,
To make a woman come before her time.
Ioh. And where thou saist, he looketh like the King,
In action, feature, and proportion:
Therein I hold with thee, for in my life
I neuer saw so liuely counterfet
Of *Richard Cordelion*, as in him.
Robert. Then good my Lord, be you indifferent Iudge,
And let me haue my liuing and my right.
Q. Elin. Nay, heare you sir, you runne away too fast:
Know you not, *Omne simile non est idem?*
Or haue read in. Harke yee good Sir,
Twas thus I warrant, and no otherwise,
Shee lay with Sir *Robert* your father, and thought vpon
King *Richard* my sonne, and so your brother was formed
in this fashion.
Robert. Madame, you wrong me thus to iest it out,
I craue my right: King *Iohn*, as thou art King,
So be thou iust, and let me haue my right.
Ioh. Why (foolish boy) thy proofes are friuolous,

Nor

Nor canst thou chalenge any thing thereby.
But thou shalt see how I will helpe thy claime:
This is my doome, and this my doome shall sta
Irreuocable, as I am King of England.
For thou know'st not, weele aske of them that
His mother and himselfe shall end this strife:
And as they say, so shall thy liuing passe.
Robert. My Lord, herein I challenge you of
To giue away my right, and put the doome
Vnto themselues. Can there be likelihood
That she will loose?
Or he will giue the liuing from himselfe?
It may not be my Lord. Why should it be?
Iohn. Lords, keep him back, & let him heare
Essex, first aske the Mother thrice who was his
Essex. Lady *Margaret*, widow of *Fauconbrid*
Who was Father to thy Sonne *Philip?*
Mother. Please it your Maiesty, Sir *Rob*: *F*
Rob. This is right, aske my fellow there if I
Iohn. Aske *Philip* whose sonne he is.
Essex. Philip, who was thy Father?
Philip. Mas my Lord, and that's a questio
had not taken some paines with her before, I
desired you to aske my Mother.
Iohn. Say, who was thy Father?
Philip. Faith (my Lord) to answere you, s
father that was neerest my mother when I w
and him I thinke to be Sir *Robert Fauconbridge*.
Iohn. Essex, for fashions sake demand again
And so an end to this contention.
Robert. Was euer man thus wrong'd as *Ro*
Essex. Philip speake I say, who was thy fathe
Iohn. Young man how now, what art thou
Elianor. Philip awake, the man is in a drea
Philip. Philippus atauis edite Regibus.
What saist thou *Philip*, sprung of auncient King
Quo me rapit tempestas?